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TRANSLATIONS.*

It is assumed, I suppose, that on an occasion like this the speaker will choose for discussion some subject from the domain of knowledge with which he is most familiar. Having for many years been engaged in the somewhat careful study of a number of foreign languages, it seemed to me that I could not do better than to place before you some conclusions that I have arrived in, respecting the relation of languages to each other. In other words, I propose to consider briefly the somewhat extensive subject of translations, and if am asked to give a title to the present paper, it will be Translations—real and reputed. I do not intend to devote my time and space to the class of productions that proceed from the pens of those whom the Italians designate tersely with the equation, *traduttori—traditori*, but to consider whether, and how far, it is possible to express in one language the thoughts born in another. I was led to this step because of the widespread misapprehension that prevails, in regard to the general question. It is far too often assumed that if we would know what a great writer has said upon a given subject, we have only to read in our vernacular what a much inferior writer thinks he said. A great deal will be gained pedagogically, and not a little scientifically, if we can bring our students to see that the best translations are

inadequate, and the large majority of them almost worthless.

Translation has played an important part in the progress of the world. Ancient Egypt and modern China, in their self-sufficiency, took no interest in the thoughts of other nations, and for thousands of years remained almost, or wholly stationary. When the Greeks appear on the scene we find them actuated by different motives. They were a curious people, and always seeking to find out some new thing. If they cared little about the language of other nations, they were interested in their thoughts as expressed in their customs.

What a fertilizing influence upon the minds of the Greek philosophers, an interchange of ideas with the Egyptian priests had, is well known. Pythagoras, and Plato, and Herodotus would have been much smaller men intellectually, if they had not visited the land of the Nile. What an enlargement of ideas, what a widening of their mental horizon studious Jews experienced when they came into close contact with Greek thought! In all these the abiding effect was not the result of what they saw, but of what they heard and read.

Archæological investigation is revealing more clearly every day the indebtedness of the Greeks to the nations around them. Roman civilization properly begins when the Roman people begun to have frequent intercourse with Greece and Greek thought. With the cessation of this interchange of ideas, progress also ceased. It is indeed possible to understand to some extent another man's thoughts when they are embodied in plastic forms, but comprehension gained in this way is not likely to be fertile. Almost the entire body of Germanic Mediæval literature, so far as it deserves the name, is a mass of translations. But because for the most part inaccurate and inadequate, it did as much to impede progress as to promote it. What a change came over the spirit of Europe when the

*This paper is in the main, the presidential address before the Ohio College Association for 1893.

promoters of the Renaissance betook themselves to originals, and tried to comprehend them! Then it was found that there is more stimulus in a single masterpiece well studied in the original, than in shiploads of translations, no matter how good they might be. This brings me to another thought closely related to the main thesis, viz: the impossibility of mastering even two languages. Petrarch, like some of the scholars of his time, sought to achieve fame by enriching the world with thoughts expressed in Latin. How futile the effort, how vain the hope; none but the curious read his Latin, while every man of culture knows something of his Italian sounds, and the tales of his countryman, Boccaccio. It is a common saying that So and So is master of several languages; and even more. Yet no man has ever written equally well in two. A man may master his native speech, but then his ability stops. Human limitations prevent his going any farther. I know of no man who has produced masterpieces in two languages. But some one may say, surely there are masterpieces of translation. Yes, there are, and in two senses. We have a few masterpieces as translations, and a few as literature. To the former belong Voss' Homer and Pope's Homer; to the latter, Luther's Bible and our common English Bible. I do not hesitate to say that at least so far as the new Testament is concerned, both translations rank far higher as literature than the original Greek. But one does not need to be a profound student of Greek to know that both are far from being correct translations. We can not here enter into a discussion of particulars; besides it is a statement that will hardly be disputed. The originals and the translations were produced under widely different circumstances and for a wholly different purpose. This difference is to some extent illustrated by a well known anecdote. When the German translation was in progress, Melancthon more than once objected to Luther's renderings, because he was concerned about the Greek. Luther's answer invariably was, "I am concerned about the German." Accuracy was less to him than force and vigor. Emerson is often quoted as an authority in favor of the use of translations, and he even speaks kindly of Bohn. From his standpoint no translation, however inadequate, is objectionable. He

was a philosopher who swore in the words of no master. He cared far less for other men's thoughts than for a stimulus to his own. But we may well ask, if Emerson's views were to prevail extensively, where would our translations come from? They are not made by philosophers, but by scholars; and no man with any pretensions to scholarship depends on another man's rendering of an original production. He is a poor theologian, indeed, who does not now and then prefer to study a passage of the New Testament in the original, rather than depend on the best translations within his reach. And he must be a dullard who does not get some new light on it, tho' he be chiefly dependent upon dictionary, commentary, and some work like Trench's Synonyms. Suppose we represent the meaning of a collection of words in two or more languages by a number of discs of different sizes, assuming that the concepts they represent are of the same size with the words. It will now be possible to select from our discs a good many of exactly the same size. For example, we will have no great difficulty in finding a German disc, a Greek and a Latin disc having exactly the same superficies. These will be the representatives of the concepts of visible objects, chiefly or entirely. But when we pass into the region of pure thought we shall find many of our symbols for which no equivalent can be found. This is the large class of words that exist only in one language, and no other. But not only in particular words is each language different from all others; there is likewise something unique in its general effect. Among modern languages the Slavic are characterized by combinations of consonants so difficult for the Western and Southern European to pronounce; the same statement is also true, though to a less extent of the German. The other extreme is represented by the Finnish and the Italian in which the vowel sounds predominate largely, that not only makes their words easy to pronounce, but gives them a kind musical quality. In the French and Portuguese the nasal element predominates. The former has also a certain sparkle and glitter, possessed by no other European language. In the Spanish a sonorous element is conspicuous, that is almost wholly wanting in the English. It is frequently, and within certain limits justly, said that

German, like the ancient Greek, is the language of Philosophy ; the French, the language of War and Diplomacy, and the English, the language of Commerce. It has always seemed to me that the German and the Spanish have a kind of force and vigor, tho' in a somewhat different degree, that is more or less lacking in other modern languages. I have somewhere read an anecdote of Charles the Fifth, who was a practical linguist of no mean ability, that enforces the thought I have in mind. In order to set forth in a practical way his estimate of several European languages, he is reported to have said that the Italian was best suited for conversation with one's female friends ; the French for conversation with one's male friends. The German, he thought, was well adapted for talking to soldiers ; the Spanish for talking with the Gods. The Hungarian was the language to be used when talking to horses, and the Bohemian, to the devil. This left the English as the language for geese ; and I have been told quite recently that it is a sort of bird speech. The stately periods of some of the Roman prosaists remind one of platoons of soldiers moving forward toward the enemy, delivering their fire, wheeling, and marching back to repeat the same manouever over again. In general, the ancient languages are less accurate and more comprehensive, and have a less copious vocabulary than the modern. We have in many cases several words where the ancients had but one. When an ancient language forms compounds as readily as the Greek, its vocabulary keeps pace with the growth of modern industry. So the modern Greek readily coins expressive compounds to designate a railroad, a steamboat, the mail, and the like, tho' the ancient knew nothing of these things. On the other hand, a language like the Hebrew would be almost useless in our day, because it can not keep up with the march of progress. I am aware that some of the plays of Shakspeare, Goethe's Faust and similar works have been translated, but there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that they are feeble performances. When the Jewish philosophers wanted to put their thoughts in writing they were forced to have recourse to the Greek. A perfect translation of a masterpiece ought, I suppose, to produce the same effect upon the hearer or reader that was produced by the

original. The important question then is, How can this be done ? or, can it be done at all ? Certainly no one version will do it. For no matter how good it is, it will, after no great lapse of time, become more or less archaic. To be thoroughly understood, it will then, like the original, have to some extent to be made an object of study. Admitting that Chapman's or Pope's Homer were the best possible for the age in which they were produced, they can be called so no longer. If we examine them critically as among the best specimens of the English of their time, we shall soon become aware that they do not represent the best modern English. Every age will require a translation made in accordance with current diction. To speak figuratively, if we would behold our object as nearly as possible in its true character, the medium through which we look must be frequently classified.

What we may call ethnological psychology makes it clear that a considerable portion of the vocabulary of every nation is untranslatable. If we undertake to answer the question why the dictionaries of our day are so much larger than those of one hundred or more years ago we shall find that a considerable portion of the words they contain has become the property of the entire civilized world. In other words, most modern languages have grown by appropriations from every quarter, so that the same word is found in English, German, French and so on. These languages have not grown radically, or from within, they have in fact not grown at all, but have only become larger by accretion. Foreign words have been grafted upon the original stock because they stand for foreign, or rather, imported concepts, for which no native equivalent exists. In most cases, then, but one course was open : to transfer the new word with the new object which it typifies, or resort to clumsy circumlocutions. This influx has been in progress a long time, and is only more rapid now than ever before because the intercourse between the different nations of the world has become more frequent. Perhaps, no mode of speech exhibits this accretion more conspicuously than our English. The reason is plain. The English-speaking people are more enterprising, more intrusive in truth, than any other. They are thrusting themselves into every corner of the globe. As a

result of this they bring home with them many new things and new names.

It is the almost unanimous testimony of the leading anthropologists that there has thus far been discovered no evidence to warrant the conclusion that the remotest ancestors of our race were in any degree mentally inferior to ourselves. From first to last we come across that touch of nature that makes all the world kin. It is this underlying principle on which are based the abiding facts of all languages. It is the kernel, so to speak, from which all growth springs, as the oak springs from the acorn. In its lowest or oldest stratum there is not much variation between any two languages.

But even here it is possible, indeed easy, to insist on too much. Any person who has two or more languages at ready command, has frequently the internal experience that certain things can be more tersely or more aptly said in one language than in another. We have here the explanation of what Goethe meant when he said that one is a different man for every language he knows. It is a familiar fact that in the higher regions of philosophy—and yet why say higher when it is a question of the fundamental relation of things—the translators from German into English or the Romance tongues are constantly compelled to transfer words almost bodily from the original. The Romans had the same experience when they attempted to speak the language of philosophy as taught by the Greeks. Under such circumstances the translator is compelled to choose between a term that he can transfer or a clumsy circumlocution; in other words, between clearness and terseness. But even in the every day speech of the people we meet with much that can not be translated. The Greek particles are evidence of this. In like manner the Greek verb exhibits shades of meaning that can not be accurately given in a language in which this part of speech is less copious. The Greek and English *Perf. Act. Participle* must in most cases, be translated by a circumlocution that is not strictly accurate, in the Latin and its descendants, or by a subordinate clause in the German. And strangely enough, the modern German has allowed a mode of speech to pass out of vogue which its ancestors possessed. This is one of those inscrutable phenomena of thought that can only be registered but not explained.

But it is, perhaps, in the domain of popular proverbs that we encounter some of the most nearly fundamental difference among languages. As our remotest ancestors had some thoughts and feelings in common with our own, so the progress of civilization again has a tendency to bring all nations on a level. But between these two extremes there lies a province of human experience that can not be exactly repeated under different conditions. This experience every tribe has from time immemorial embodied in short, pithy sayings, most of which lose their force when we attempt to translate them. The thoughts that gave them birth can not be born under other physical conditions. The ancient Greek is full of proverbs and expressions that smack of the sea; the old German constantly attests the warlike character of those who spoke it, while the Roman frequently reminds us of the thorough and efficient legal system to which it first gave expression. So too, many of the racy expressions that we find in the dialects of the English, or German, or Italian lose much of their aptness when translated into the literary language of the countries to which they belong.

Wherever the form of word or words or their juxtaposition is of importance to the sense of the passage in which they occur no translation is possible. To one who can appreciate such a book such as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the original hardly anything more insipid can be imagined than a translation into any foreign tongue. The same statement holds true of a host of similar works.

Within comparatively recent years the attempt has frequently been made to gain somewhat more than a mere glimpse of the proto-historic period of civilized nations, by a careful analysis of the oldest words in their languages. Nay more; it is contended by Müller, Pictet, and others, that we may reconstruct the primitive Aryan community by a study of the words common to one or more branches of the undivided stock. In spite of the fact that many of the results are still and will probably always remain problematical, the outcome of these investigations is sufficiently surprising. The physical basis of many words that subsequently came to have a purely psychological or metaphysical signification is likewise elicited by tracing them to their origin. A careful and penetrating study of the Homeric

vocabulary unmistakably reveals the fact that the Greek language a thousand years before Christ was exceedingly poor in abstract nouns, if indeed, strictly speaking, it had any at all. When then, we translate terms that subsequently were used in an abstract sense we put into them what was originally not there. We are thus liable to be misled at almost every step if we depend on translations exclusively.

I suppose King James' or Luther's version of the Bible impresses an audience of average intelligence about as Homer impressed a Greek audience in the time of Plato. So much of the older diction had become a permanent part of the later literature, that its antique flavor was scarcely noticed. But I do not believe that even the Protestants of our day are as thoroughly grounded in the history of the biblical periods as the Greeks were in their half mythical, half historical traditions. Every person who takes the trouble to investigate existing conditions is surprised, and even amazed at the popular ignorance of the social status underlying our biblical phraseology. Many of our people read the Bible, or hear it read, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, yet do not observe that it arose under circumstances almost wholly different from those in which we live. And this, in spite of the fact that for no other book are the elucidations so abundant and easily obtainable. The reason is not far to seek. The Greeks did not break with their early traditions until centuries after the Christian era. They came to a knowledge of these, as to their language—by inheritance. They grew up among, or near, the scenes consecrated by the presence of the Homeric heroes. We grow up under conditions so entirely different from those that have existed immemorially in the East that it is only by careful and painstaking study that we fully realize the diversity. Mere translation of literature that has a more or less strongly marked eastern flavor, bridges over the chasm only in part.

Fowler, in his once much used English Grammar, defines language as the "utterance of articulate sounds of the human voice for expressing the thoughts and emotions of the mind." This author plainly associates utterance with language; and conversely, we may assume that according to this definition there is no language where there is no utterance.

But, we may justly inquire, is there no language where there is no sound? In truth, only a small part of what constitutes language as a whole, is ever uttered. In the minds of the great majority of human beings thought processes are constantly in activity during their waking hours, and but a small part of the product is ever spoken aloud. And what shall we say of a language such as the ancient Egyptian, that has in effect, not been spoken for some thousands of years? We have the characters that once stood for its sounds, but in the case of many of them, not much more than an approach to accuracy has hitherto been attained. The truth is, that language represents something with which we are so familiar that everybody thinks he could define it without difficulty—until he tries. Nor is a definition particularly difficult so long as we limit it to the spoken or written symbol. This, however, is a mere representative of the real thing, the body, so to speak, not the soul. But it is with the soul of language that one has chiefly to concern himself when he attempts to translate from one mode of speech into another. How difficult it is to comprehend fully the thoughts, ideas and emotions of those with whom we are most familiar! Yes, we can not understand our own, if we compare them at different periods of our lives. Let any man who has carefully kept a diary, in which he has honestly and somewhat fully recorded his thoughts, compare the record at intervals of ten or twenty years, and he must be a rare man if he does not find a good many things that are incomprehensible. He will be very likely to ask himself more than once, Was I so much wiser then than I am now, or have I retrograded intellectually that my thoughts are so different now from what they once were? A great deal has recently been written on the contents of childrens' minds, and much that is plausible. But after all, it is greatly to be feared that most of it is probable rather than real. We are in the same case when we try to fathom the ideas of other nations, whether we consider them as expressed in literature or in custom. When we concern ourselves with nations that are about on the same level of civilization with ourselves and living in our own time we may reasonably assume that we can enter somewhat deeply into their spirit, but we can not

safely make this assumption when we are dealing with people who are below us by a greater or less number of intervals. Some of these points have been clearly set forth by Abel in his essay on "Language as the expression of National Thought." He shows among other things that so simple and apparently insignificant a word as our English "fair," has no exact equivalent in the other modern languages that are the objects of his study. Yet how important the *role* it plays with us, and how could we get along without it?

For some time past the impression has been gaining ground in England, that the progress of Greek scholarship ought to make it comparatively easy to produce better translations of Homer than were possible a century or more ago. We accordingly find that the attempt has been renewed almost every year, for two or three decades past, to supersede the old paraphrases of Chapman and Pope. None of these has been successful. Every man who sets himself to the task seems to flatter himself that he can make some improvement upon his predecessors, but the result does not indicate any advance. The theories on which the various translators have worked have been many, and all may be well enough as theories, but there are insuperable difficulties to be overcome when they are put in practice. It will probably be not without interest to examine with some detail a single passage. For this purpose I have selected a few lines from the Parting of Hector and Andromache, Book VI. (*Iliad*) 472-481. In order to facilitate comparison, I give first a prose rendering, by Hailstone (1881), and one by Leaf (1883): "Straight from his head took noble Hector the casque, and set it down all glittering on the ground; then when he had kissed his child and dandled him on his arms, he spoke in prayer to Zeus and to the other Gods: 'O, Zeus, and ye other Gods, grant now that this, my son, may be conspicuous among the Trojans, even as myself, all valiant in his might, and that he may rule Ilios with power! And let a man hereafter say of him as he cometh up from the battle, 'This son is far more valiant than his sire;' and let him bear away the blood-stained spoils, having slain the foeman, and let his mother be glad at heart."

The same extract in Leaf, reads, "Forth-

with glorious Hector took the helmet from his head, and laid it, all gleaming, upon the ground; then kissed his dear son and dandled him in his arms, and spoke in prayer to Zeus and all the Gods: 'O Zeus, and all the Gods, vouchsafe ye that this, my son, may likewise prove even as I, pre-eminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and be a great King in Ilios. Then may men say of him, 'Far greater is he than his father,' as he returneth home from the battle; and may he bring with him his blood-stained spoils from the foeman he hath slain, and may his mother's heart be glad."

By selecting Homer as a basis of comparison for a series of translations, I do not mean to indicate that he is more difficult than some other ancient authors, but the fact that so much labor has been bestowed on him is evidence that here, if anywhere, the highest art in this line ought to be exhibited. I do not know, indeed, whether there are more English versions of the Homeric Poems than of the *Aeneid*—perhaps not. I have, however, made a more careful examination of the earlier than the later writer.

We begin with Chapman (about 1600):
 Laughter affected his great sire, who doff'd and
 laid aside
 His fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about
 it light,
 He took and kiss'd his loving son, and (balancing
 his weight
 In dancing him) these loving vows to living Jove
 he us'd,
 And all the other bench of gods: "O you that
 have infus'd
 Soul to this infant, now set down this blessing on
 his star,—
 Let his renown be clear as mine, equal his strength
 in war;
 And make his reign so strong in Troy, that years
 to come may yield
 His facts this fame, when, rich in spoils, he leaves
 the conquer'd field
 Sown with his slaughters: 'These high deeds ex-
 ceed his father's worth'.
 And let this echo'd praise supply the comforts to
 come forth
 Of his kind mother with my life."

The next extract is from the translation of Thomas Hobbes (1677):

Then Hector on the ground his helmet laid,
 And took the child and dandled him awhile,
 And then to Jove and all the gods he prayed,
 "O Jove and gods, grant that this son of mine,
 No less in Troy may honored be than I,
 Nor from his father's virtue e'er decline,
 But hold the reins of Ilium steadily,
 That men may say, when he hath slain his foe,
 And bringeth with him home his spoil to Troy,
 'In battle he his father doth outdo,'
 And fill his mother's heart with joy."

We give now the well-known paraphrase of Pope (1718):

The glitt'ring terror from his brow unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground,
Then kiss'd his child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer,—
O thou whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame;
While pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

We place next in order the version of Cowper, which appeared near the close of the last century:

Set down the crested terror on the ground,
Then kiss'd him, played away his infant fears,
And thus to Jove and all the Pow'rs above,
Grant, oh ye gods! such eminent renown
And might in arms as ye have given to me,
To this my son, with strength to govern Troy.
From fight returned, be this his welcome home—
He far excels his sire—and may he rear
The crimson trophy to his mother's joy!

Singularly enough, during the earlier years of the present century a Virginia lawyer employed his leisure hours in making a translation of the *Iliad* that proved to be by no means the weakest attempt in this direction. His rendering of the passage in question is as follows:

* * * soon the chief
Removed the threatening helmet from his head
And placed it on the ground, all beaming bright.
Then, having fondly kiss'd his son beloved,
And toss'd him playfully, he thus to Jove
And all th' immortals, prayed: O grant me, Jove,
And other powers divine, that this my son
May be, as I am, of the Trojan race
In glory chief. So let him be renown'd
For warlike prowess and commanding sway,
With power and wisdom joined, of Ilion king.
And may his people say, This chief excels
His father much; when from his fields of fame
Triumphant he returns, bearing aloft
The bloody spoils, some hostile hero slain,
And his fond mother's heart expands with joy.

The war between the States of the Union was coeval with a remarkable revival of Homeric translation, and from about 1861 almost every year witnessed a new attempt in this direction. Nor has the impetus yet spent itself. Of the translations belonging to this period, we give first that of I. C. Wright, the translator of Dante:

Instant the hero from his brow removed
The glittering helm and placed it on the ground,
Kiss'd his loved child, and, fondling in his arms,

Offered a prayer to all the immortal gods:
O Jove and all ye gods! let this, my son,
Shine as his father shone, pre-eminent
Among the Trojans, and with vigorous arm
Rule over Ilion; so in days to come,
Some one beholding him return from war,
Bearing the bloody spoils—the foeman slain—
Shall say, How doth the son surpass the sire!
And in her heart his mother shall rejoice.

In the year 1864 at least three English translations of the *Iliad* appeared, one of which, that of the Earl of Derby, still enjoys a considerable measure of popularity. The passage under consideration reads,

* * * and from his brow
Hector the casque removed and set it down
All glitt'ring on the ground; then kiss'd his child,
And danc'd him in his arms; then thus to Jove
And to th' immortals all address'd his pray'r:
Grant, Jove, and all ye gods, that this my son
May be, as I, the foremost man of Troy,
For valor fam'd his country's guardian king;
That men may say, 'This youth surpasses far
His father,' when they see him from the fight,
From slaughter'd foes, with spoils of war
Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart.

Another is that of Norgate,

Straight from his head
Illustrious Hector took his helm and laid it,
All glitt'ring on the ground. And when he had
kiss'd
His own dear boy, and dandled him in arms,
He prayed to Zeus and all the gods, and said:
"O Zeus and all ye gods! now grant ye this
My child here to become among the Trojans
Yea, even as I, distinguished, all so bold
In prowess, and to rule with mighty sway
O'er Ilion. And may some one say, on a time,
Of him returning from the fight, *Far braver*
Is this man than his sire; and may he slaughter
The foeman, and bring back the bloody spoil;
And may his mother in her heart rejoice."

The third, Simcox's translation, is as follows:

Swift from his head his helmet took illustrious
Hector,
And on the ground placed it then all splendidly
gleaming.
Then having kiss'd his offspring dear, and carefully dandled,
Thus, in prayer, he spoke to Zeus and the other
immortals:
Zeus and ye other gods, O grant this to my dear
offspring,
That he may be, as I am now, renowned 'mid the
Trojans,
And with a mighty strength may defend the city
of Ilion:
So that some man may say, 'He is braver much
than his father,'
When from the fight he returns, and with gory
spoils he is laden,
Having his foeman slain and rejoicing the heart
of his mother.

But he rightly says in his preface, "The present translation shows the reader what

'the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle' really says; but if any man wishes to know how he says it, he must read the lofty-sounding original for himself." Allowing a little latitude in the application, a remark of Ormsby, made with reference to his *Don Quixote*, is in place here. Says he: "The dilemma of the translator is frequently this, that terseness is essential to the humor of the passage or phrase, but if he translates he will not be terse, and if he would be terse he must paraphrase."

In '65 and '67 appeared the versions of Worsley and Newman. The former reads as follows:

* * * and Hector from his brow
Laid the shining helmet on the earth, then pressed
Fondly, now dandled in his arms, and now
Kissed his dear child, and spake to all the gods
his vow:

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"Zeus, and all gods, let this my child attain
Praise in the heart of Troia, even as I,
In strength so good, and full of power to reign;
And when he comes from battle, let men cry,
'*He far excels his father*,' and as high
Spoils let him bear, with foeman's gore defil'd,
And his dear mother's heart make glad with joy."

Newman's performance is probably better known thro' the ridicule heaped upon it by Matthew Arnold than for its intrinsic merits.

The gallant Hector instantly | beneath his chin
the helmet
Unfastened; so upon the ground | he laid it all
resplendent:
Then pois'd his little son aloft, | and dandled him
and kissed him,
And rais'd a prayer to Jupiter, | grant ye that this
my infant
Soon may become his father's like, | among the
Trojans signal,
Mighty to reign in Ilion, | and terrible in prowess.
And when from battle he returns, | may some one
say hereafter,
'Far greater than his sire is he'; and with him
may he carry
The gory trophies of a foe, | his mother's heart to
gladden.

The year '69 brought forth the two translations of Bryant and Merivale. We place them here side by side.

And hastily the mighty Hector took
The helmet from his brow and laid it down
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
His darling son and tossed him up in play,
Prayed then to Jove and all the gods of heaven:
"O Jupiter and all ye deities,
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become
Among the Trojans eminent like me,
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
'This man is greater than his father was!'
When they behold him from the battlefield
Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe,
That so his mother may be glad at heart."

Merivale renders this:

* * * but Hector from his head
The helmet loos'd, and on the ground the shining
trophy laid:
Then kiss'd the child and toss'd him, and to his
bosom press'd,
And thus almighty Jove in prayer, and all the gods
address'd:
"O Jove, and gods immortal, grant me that this
my boy
Stand first, like me in feats of arms, and rule,
like me, in Troy!
And some day, when triumphant from war he
shall retire,
Men may say, 'lo a better man and braver than
his sire,
And gladden thus his mother's heart, and crown
her fond desire."

The following is from Cordery (1870):

But Hector quickly bared his head and laid
The glittering helm upon the ground, then took
The child, and toss'd him to and fro, and prayed:
"Grant to me, all ye heavenly powers, that this
My child may be, as I, far-famed in Troy,
Valiant, as I, and rule with might the people;
That all may cry when he returns from war,
The son is nobler than the sire; and he,
Bearing the blood-stained spoils of warrior slain,
May make his mother's heart to leap for joy."

And the following from Green's translation (1883):

* * * straight his helm bright Hector doffed,
And on the ground all glittering laid it down,
Then fondly kissed and tossed aloft his son,
And spake in prayer to Zeus and all the gods:
"Zeus and ye other gods, grant that my child
Be, as I am, among the sons of Troy
Conspicuous seen, in strength of war as good,
And reign a mighty prince in Ilium.
So shall each say, as from the field he comes,
'Surely the son is far beyond the sire,'
And may he homeward bear the gory spoil
From foeman slain, and make his mother's joy."

The last specimen I shall give is from the version of John Purves, on which the author spent more than ten years. It appeared in 1891 and has the honor of an introduction by Evelyn Abbott—

"And radiant Hector took the helmet from his head and laid it glittering upon the ground. And he kissed his son and dandled him in his hands, and prayed to Zeus and all the heavenly gods—O Zeus, and all ye gods, grant that my child may be as I, pre-eminent among the Trojans; let him be strong of hand and rule over Ilium royally; and let men say, when he returns from the war, that he surpasses his father: let him slay an enemy, and bring home the bloody spoils, and make glad his mother's heart."

I cannot resist the temptation to add the same passage from Voss' translation:
Schleunig vom Haupte sich nahm er den Helm,
der strahlende Hector,
Legete dann auf die Erde den schimmernden,
aber er selber
Kuesste sein liebes kind, und wiegt'es sanft in
den Armen;

Laut dann flehet er also dem Zeus und den
 anderen Goettern ;
 Zeus und ihr anderen Goetter, o lasst doch dieses
 mein Knaeblein
 Werden hinfort, wie ich selbst, vorstrebend in
 Volke der Troer,
 Auch so stark an Gewalt, und Ilios machtig
 beherrschen.
 Und man sage dereinst ; Der ragt noch weit vor
 dem Vater.
 Wenn er vom Streit heimkehrt, mit der blutigen
 Beute beladen
 Eines erschlagenen Feinds. Dann freue sich her-
 zlich die Mutter.

Here we have just the same number of lines with the original, while in most cases every line of the German is made to correspond to the same line of the Greek. When this is not done, two lines of the original are given with two lines of the translation, the break in the sense occurring not quite at the end of the line. The caesuras also correspond in the main. It is not easy to see how a translation could be more nearly perfect. In the foregoing specimens we have a large number of solutions proposed by many different persons for a given problem and we see that no two of them agree exactly together. What else can we say than that the true one has not yet been found? What should we say if we were to examine the results attained by the investigators in any department of knowledge falling within the domain of the physical or natural sciences and found that they were about as numerous as the workers themselves? Could we form any other conclusion than that no genuinely scientific method of procedure had yet been attained? Or we might find that both methods and materials had been exhausted, in which case we should be forced to conclude that the problems proposed must forever remain unsolved.

It would not be an unprofitable labor, and the result would certainly be interesting, if some one were to write a history of translations from Greek and Latin into English. If such a work were extended so as to include the leading literatures of the day it would place in a striking light our indebtedness to these two nations of antiquity. That I am rightly using the word *translation* in this connection is evident from the fact that our indebtedness is chiefly due to what has been transmitted in written form. Dr. Schroeter has compiled a large volume on the translation of Homer alone made in Germany in the 18th century. Monfalcon says in the

introduction to his polyglot Horace that the French translations of this author are almost innumerable ; and the list he gives of English versions makes it plain that the same adjective is applicable to them. It may be proper for a moment to look at the pedagogical side of this question. Shall we study an original piece of literature as philology, that is, scientifically, or as literature? or to use an illustration borrowed from zoology, shall we study the animal in the plenitude of life and physical vigor, where this is possible, or shall we dissect it and examine minutely its anatomical structure? This problem is just now attracting some attention, and there is no consensus among teachers as to the answer it should receive. There is little doubt, I believe, that teachers generally prefer and put in practice the philological method. In the first place, it is vastly easier for both teacher and student. Not much more equipment is necessary than a dictionary and a grammar. So many teachers of foreign languages have only an elementary knowledge of them, that this is almost the only course open, and they follow it as best they may. A small portion of an author or a work is read in class on the assumption that the pupil will complete for himself what has been thus begun—an assumption that is generally false. Again, in the wide domain of languages over which our college curricula are being more and more extended, there is often no choice. In the department of the old Germanic we meet with almost nothing that is of any literary value. We must study the language for itself, or we shall be threshing over old straw only to get a grain here and there. Besides, the scientific method often yields surprisingly interesting results. Take, for example, the Greek word "Logos," and trace the various meanings it has undergone. We have, first, the formal part of the spoken word ; next, a statement or proposition ; then a connected discourse without regard to its content or length. It may mean a thought of almost any kind as distinct from a tangible thing. Finally, it came to signify the Supreme Reason as manifested in creative energy. N. T. Greek as contrasted with classical furnishes many examples of words that have undergone a like transformation. The transformation of Latin into Romanic words places before us a field of equal fertility. How comes it that a nation

which has from the time of its earliest history been engaged in war and that early became thoroughly Latinized lost the Roman designation for "war" and supplied its place with a Germanic term? What mysterious current of national thought led the Germans to borrow such a word as, "*Reich*" from the Kelts? How much history there is in such words as *miscreant* and *villain* and *Dirne* and *energy* and *temple* and *tribulation*, together with a host of others! But then those who used these words rarely perceived what a singular course they had run. Neither is it necessary for us to interest ourselves in these matters if we are concerned only with literary form; and it has always been the fashion to put into the hands of students only classical authors, because of their literary excellence. But how much foolishness and false pretense there is in all this! As if a student who cannot tell the difference between the English of a first-rate author and an ordinary newspaper correspondent would receive lasting injury if he were put to reading Vellejus Paterculus, or Lucan, or Plutarch, and the New Testament. Considered philologically one author is as good as another, and from the literary standpoint, about the same may be said. The content may make some difference as to what students should read, especially beginners, the form is of minor importance. Nor have I seen any evidence to convince me that the study of foreign languages, however painstaking it may be, has any influence on the native speech. The great writers in all languages have not sought their models among foreigners. This will explain why so many of our best translators have been but mediocre scholars. There are thousands of men living today who understand the Latin language better than Livy or Tacitus understood it, yet for all that they handle it but indifferently. Comparing their productions with that of the earlier Humanists one is almost tempted to say that the more thoroughly a man understands Latin the worse he will write it.

In the departments of Chemistry and Physics one may learn a great deal from good text-books. They will tell us just how matter acts under given conditions. Or better still, the teacher may perform experiments in our sight and the lessons will be more deeply impressed upon the memory. But no person ever becomes a

physicist or a chemist under such a system. If he would get knowledge at first hand, the only real knowledge, the student must take hold for himself, see the facts as they are exhibited in nature and deduce the laws of matter therefrom.

The same method must be applied to the study of foreign literatures. If the student would learn final truths, ultimate facts, he must be brought face to face with the original and interpret the facts he there finds for himself. The extent of territory he is able to examine thoroughly may be small, but the interests of sound scholarship imperatively demand that he shall not go beyond this until such an examination shall have been made. The practice of using translations that is so common among American college students is vicious in the extreme. In this respect the modern languages offer some advantages that can no longer be claimed for Latin and Greek—it is easy to put good literature into the hands of students of which no English translations exist. One thing is certain—there is widely prevalent a serious error in regard to this class of compositions. The best translations are only a more or less faint reflection of the original. If we would know thoroughly the mind of a great man we must study not only the thoughts he expressed, but we must make ourselves familiar with the medium through which he expressed them. These goods are all marked one price, no rebate, and those who are unable to pay it must do without them.

THE house finance committee in their appropriation bill just made public, have allowed \$1s,000 for the use of the University. This is somewhat less than the estimated needs; but as there is abroad in our State, a loud cry for retrenchment, there is no reason to complain. "Cut down expenses" is the order that has been passed to all institutions and departments.

It is probable that recent occurrences in some of our universities will serve to demonstrate the fallacy of the argument that plenty of athletics tend to encourage hard study and to discourage riotous conduct among students.

Personal Notes.

MR. H. R. HIGLEY, B. S. '93 and post-graduate student '92-'93, and who is at present teaching in Kearney, Neb., has recently been offered a position in a university in New York. He, however, sees no reason for making a change, as his work is pleasant and fairly remunerative.

WE HAVE recently received from Professor H. O. Hofman, of the Massachusetts Institution of Technology an octavo volume on The Metallurgy of lead. The author was formerly a student in a German University—in fact, is a native German. The O. U. gave him the degree of Ph. D. in 1889.

MRS. MAY DONNALLY-KELSO, who, as May Donally, was for some time an instructor in Elocution in the O. U. is at present a very successful teacher of Elocution and the Dramatic Art in Chicago. She recently gave an entertainment at Hyde Park for charity purposes that netted several hundred dollars.

THE Rev. C. W. Rishell a recent Ph. D. of the O. U. has just written an outline of the higher criticism which is published with an introduction by the Rev. Dr. Harman. The *Advance* says of it: "It is a clear and candid statement of the facts in the case," and Dr. Terry finds it "adapted to acquaint the common reader with the facts and avoids long and prolix criticism."

SINCE the issue of the last Bulletin two former members of our faculty have died. Dr. Robert Allyn, for a short time Professor of Ancient Languages, and Dr. Frederick Merrick for a longer period Professor of Natural Sciences. Both were men of more than average ability and left a lasting impression on many young men who were under their instruction.

THE many friends of Professor Boughton will be pleased to learn that he has been elected Principal of the summer school connected with the Chautauqua Assembly at Epworth Heights near Cincinnati, for the next season. Epworth Heights is one of the most delightful resorts in Ohio, the grounds being covered with forest trees and pretty cottages and affording a fine view of the Little Miami Valley and north and west Loveland.—*Exchange*.

PRESIDENT SUPER has recently received several letters from the Rev. Dr. Herr who was a student at the Ohio University in the twenties. Though nearly ninety years of age and just recovering from a severe illness he writes a bold, clear hand, and in a diction that is orthographically and grammatically correct. Such a long life as has fallen to the lot of Dr. Herr is the reward of a strong physical constitution well taken care of, plenty of hard work and a good conscience.

MR. F. M. WEBSTER who received the degree of Master of Science from the University last June, has been elected President of the Ohio Academy of Science for the ensuing year. As it is the custom of this body to elevate to this position only men of high scientific attainments, the choice is an honor to both Mr. Webster and the university. Mr. Webster is at present government Entomologist at the State Experiment Station and at one time represented the State department abroad. He has also held a professorship in Purdue University, Indiana.

THE Rev. J. C. Jackson of Jersey City, class of '70, has an article in the March-April number of the *Methodist Review*, entitled, "The Place where the Lord lay." He also received the degree of D. D. from the O. U. in '93.

IT is probable that Miss Findley, Instructor in Elocution and Reading, will be absent from Athens during the Spring term.

THE prospects for a large attendance during the Spring term are excellent. It is probable that more students will be on hand than ever before.

IT is unfortunate, not to say disgraceful, that the past few months have again witnessed several outbreaks of barbarism among American college students. When will the public rise to protest so vigorously against these things as to make their recurrence well nigh impossible?

OWING to the quantity of other matter for which it has been necessary to make room, it is found advisable to omit all editorial remarks from the present issue of the BULLETIN. It is expected that the next number will appear early in June.

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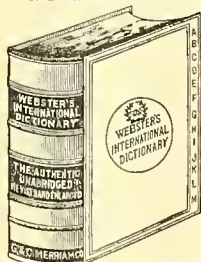
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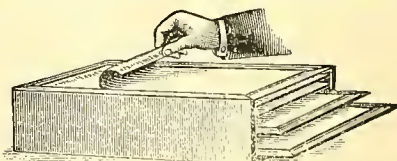
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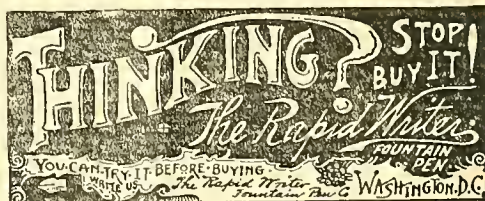


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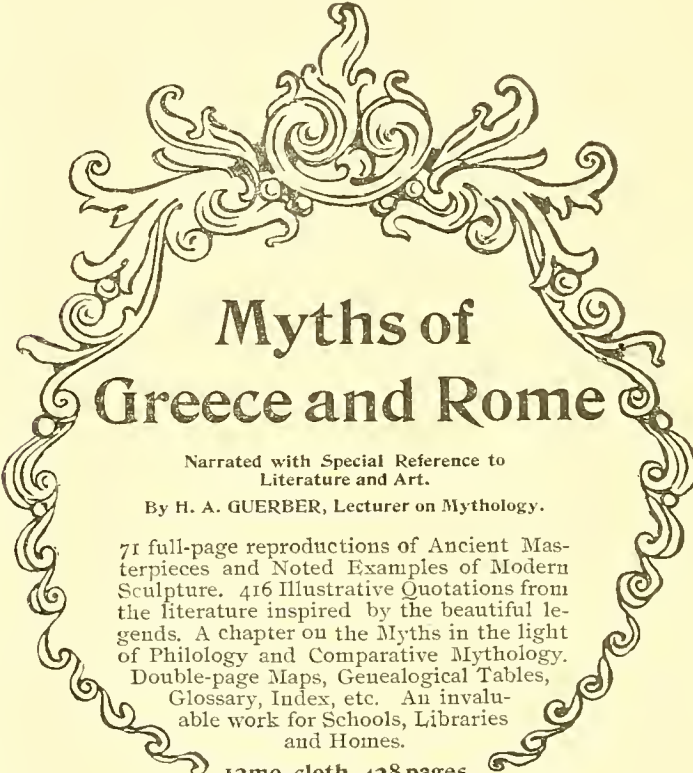


A Flying Trip.

A very handsome lady came rushing up to the ticket window of the OHIO CENTRAL LINES the early part of this week. The room was crowded with passengers and the 11.30 flyer for Columbus and Toledo was due in three minutes. The lady first glanced at the ticket agent, then at the passengers and soon became the object of comment. The ticket agent seeing that the lady was laboring under embarrassment, inquired if he could assist her in any way; the lady was unable to reply but upon opening a small grip sack procured a letter which read :

"Ask for a ticket via the OHIO CENTRAL LINES and take no other as it runs through Columbus, Marysville, Kenton, Findlay and Bowling Green to Toledo without change of cars, and carries elegant Wagner palace cars on all trains from Columbus; you will arrive in Toledo at 8.25 p. m., where we will make good connection with the Lake Shore or Michigan Central or with other lines diverging, should we conclude to change our plan upon your arrival. I came through over this route and as the train pulled out of Columbus I went into the chair-car and threw myself down in one of those elegant chairs and as the train glided over the new steel rails I fell into oblivion until the porter awakened me in Toledo and informed me that the street car was waiting."

The ticket agent supplied her with the necessary ticket; when this was done the train had arrived and she was soon off. No sooner had it departed than two policemen rushed in and made inquiry about a lady who had jumped a board bill, describing her as the lady who had purchased a ticket to Toledo; but when they learned that she had gone via the OHIO CENTRAL flyer they gave up the chase, saying, "that train only makes a few stops between here and Toledo and she will be there before we can get out a warrant."



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